WEAVER OF QUELLBRUNN

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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"The poacher, in a contemptuous tone, thus addressed him —'Hark ye! Mr Assistant,—be advised even by such an one as I am. . . . . Don't forget what you have to answer for yourself. In truth, you are no saint.'"—*Page* 112.

The Weaver of Quellbrunn;

OR,

THE ROLL OF CLOTH.

A STORY FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR BARTH.

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THE

Weaver of Quellbrunn.

CHAPTER I.

"ELIZABETH! make haste! mother is so ill!" cried old Jorgadam of Quellbrunn to his daughter-in-law, who was busy in the kitchen getting ready the potatoes for dinner.

Now I must just tell my young readers, that it is in vain to look in the map of Germany for the little village of Quellbrunn, though, if they attend to the story, they may guess whereabouts it is; for I, who am no youngster, and have often travelled in that part of the country, venture to assert, that no village with such a name is now to be found there; so they may conclude, either that the place has completely vanished, like the village of Tunzhofen near Stuttgart, on the spot

where the railway enters the tunnel,—though this is not very likely, as our story tells of what happened in the middle of the last century, and therefore some traces of the village must be left, either on the surface of the ground, or in the memories of the old people; —or, which I think is most probable, the worthy clergyman to whom I am indebted for the narrative, has designedly altered the name. However, this is a matter of no great consequence, and so I return to my story.

Elizabeth hastened directly to her mother-in-law, gave her a few drops of soothing cordial on a lump of sugar, and then ran back to the kitchen to make some chamomile tea, as there was none ready, and it might soon be wanted.

But you will perhaps be curious to know what sort of place these good folks lived in. I will show you. On entering the sitting-room, which was an airy apartment, with windows on two sides of it, the first thing we notice is a loom on the right hand, with a piece of woollen cloth upon it almost finished. On the left is a large oven, and an old-fashioned arm-chair, in which, a year ago, the

good aged grandmother used to sit. It is empty now. And beside the chair stands an old chest, and the clock in a case of dark wood, with the hour-hand pointing to nine; and next to that, the door that leads to the bed-chamber. Near one of the windows and opposite the door, a bench is fixed, reaching across as far as the loom; and in front of this bench, in the corner, stands a table, which, after the German fashion, has been neatly scoured with white sand. Over the door, and reaching from the window to the loom, is a shelf, on which are placed books and various household articles, such as pincushions and workbaskets. In the bedroom, on the left, stands an old clothes' chest, painted with blue and red stripes; and on the right, is a large four-post bedstead of light blue, with a green baize curtain. At the bedside is a four-legged stool, on which are placed a glass of water, an empty phial, and a saucer with two or three lumps of sugar. In the bed lies a female about sixty years old, pale and emaciated; and facing her, stands old Jorgadam reading out of a prayer book. At the end of every line he casts an anxious look on her counte-

nance, that seems getting paler every minute; and when Elizabeth comes with the chamomile tea, they both see, at a glance, that her sufferings will soon be over. A few minutes more, and she is at rest; she has passed without a struggle into the other world. I will not try to describe the deep, silent grief of the old man for the loss of her who had been his faithful partner for so many years; nor the loud weeping of the daughter-in-law, and the shock of her husband, the son of the deceased, who had been haymaking at Wolfloch, and the crying of the two little grandchildren, Willy and Margaret, who were just come in from school. The event had taken them all by surprise; for though the poor woman had kept her bed for several weeks, neither the old apothecary from Wildberg, nor any of the neighbours, thought the illness to be dangerous, or expected it would end fatally so soon.

When the bereaved family sat down at noon to a large dish of potatoes, in which Elizabeth had put a couple of sausages for her father-in-law and her husband, not one of them had any appetite; tears dropped every instant on their plates, and the dish was not

half emptied when the table was cleared. For a while they sat without uttering a word; at last, old Jorgadam broke silence by saying, "Well, thank God! I have one anxiety less; I have always been afraid that mother would become blind; she was very nearly so. But now comes another trouble. Where can I get the money to give her a decent burial? She lay ill, you know, for five months; the little money we had is all gone for medicines; my work has been almost at a stand still; the doctor is not yet paid; and in this place we may count the rich people on our fingers without using *both* hands."

"Don't you think," said Elizabeth, "that the forest-keeper would lend you as much as we want?"—"Don't talk to me about the forest-keeper," replied her father-in-law; "though he wears a green jacket, he is nothing better than a dry chip for me; he has never been willing to do me a good turn since I told him my mind plainly about the wood for the carved work."

"But," said Matthew, "there's the seedsman."—"He would be the right man," rejoined his father; "but I have borrowed twice of him

already, and have not paid back the money, and, till that is done, I cannot go to him a third time."

"Then there is old Adam."—"What! who? that stingy fellow; a brook that never runs in time of drought!"

"Or the landlord at the Lamb."—"Yes, indeed! the man who bought yesterday a horse of the blacksmith at Schwandorf, and was obliged to borrow two dollars of the gamekeeper before he could pay for it."

"What *must* be done?" said Elizabeth in a tone of despair.—"I know of nothing else to be done, but to finish the piece of cloth I have now in hand, and you must carry it to-morrow morning to Calw, and raise some money with it; but I am half afraid that the company will refuse to take it, or stamp it with a *Wulle-wu*, for I must confess that the workmanship does not do me much credit. After sitting up all night, I have often been ready to fall asleep at the loom, and have not seen that a thread was snapt, till it was too late to take it up again. But there is no choice left, and I must let it go at half-price." And so the matter was settled. After reading a chapter out of

the Bible, as he was wont, after every meal, old Jorgadam sat down to his loom, and moistened with his tears the last yard of the piece which he had still to finish. When done, he cut it off, brushed it clean with a little white broom, removed here and there a loose thread, and, carefully rolling it up, tied it with three strings. Such a piece of cloth they call in Germany a *C-Bund*, or *Zeh-Bund.* *

My young readers have, by this time, I dare say, several questions to ask me; for most likely they never heard before of a *Wulle-wu*, or a *C-Bund*, and may search in vain for these strange words in a dictionary. I must, therefore, stop short in my story, to make room for a few explanatory remarks.

In the Black Forest of Wurttemberg, the most considerable town, beyond all question, is Calw, the birthplace and residence of an ancient noble family, who, in the twelfth century, enjoyed for some time the dignity of Palsgrave of the Rhine; and, a hundred years before, saw one of their lineage on the

* *Zeh* is the German name for the letter C, and *Bund* means *roll*, or *bundle*.

Papal throne; but about the middle of the 13th century they became extinct, though other branches of the family flourished to a later period,—the Lowensteins, for instance, in the 15th century. In early times, moreover, the town had been distinguished for industry; and the first cloth manufactory in Wurttemberg of which we have any account, was set up at Calw. About the year 1600, it was in such a flourishing condition, that all the wool grown in Wurttemberg only sufficed for a quarter of a year,—a fact, however, which also proves that sheep-breeding was in a poor state there; its cloths were sent to all parts of Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, and elsewhere. The manufactory of cloth and stockings, currying leather, turning in wood, and other handicrafts, were very successfully carried on by the "Calw Company,"—a society of merchants, some of whose families are still doing well. Every Saturday, a four-horse waggon started with cloths of a light fabric to Italy; for all the priests in Italy use Calw cloth for their summer dress. On account of its extensive commerce, Calw has sometimes been called *Little Venice*,—an appellation of

which the first half, at least, tells the truth There is a common saying about Calw, that the calf can never become a cow, because the stall in which it stands is not big enough; in plain English, the town is situated in a deep narrow valley, where there is not room for it to become much larger; and this is the reason why the population, for the twenty-five years I have known it, has always kept at the same point. In the year 1822, there were, as there are now, only four thousand two hundred souls in it. The soil, too, is not favourable for agriculture, so that the inhabitants are forced to employ themselves in manufactures; and as these are already overdone, most of the young people are obliged to seek their livelihood elsewhere. This however was not to be regretted, until the French Revolution, and the wars of Napoleon had done serious injury to the traffic of this little place. Before that time, all hands were employed; and as the inhabitants were not able to monopolize the manufactures, their neighbours came in for a share. Not fewer than thirteen hundred weavers in the adjacent villages and small towns regarded the Trading Company

at Calw as a sort of *soc-mill*, where every one took his corn to be ground. Whatever quantity they could finish of light thin cloths was to be brought to the Company's warehouse, and sold to no other parties. The Company, on their part, agreed to purchase all that was brought to them (and the number of hands they thus employed was unlimited) at a fixed price, on condition that the work was properly finished. But if any article was plainly faulty, they would send away the makers to find purchasers where they could, after stamping it with a particular mark, called a *Voulez-vous*, two French words, of which the sound is expressed in German by *Wulle-wu*. One kind of these cloths for which there was rather a large demand, (I have seen it on the looms a hundred times,) was called *C-Bund*, or *Zeh-Bund*. A single piece was generally about thirty-eight ells long.

The weavers commonly delivered their work on Saturdays at Calw; there was also a market-day, which they might use for the same purpose; but *Necessity*, as the proverb says, *has no law*, and Jorgadam hoped that the Company, from a regard to his peculiar

"Just as Elizabeth was going by this spot, who should come out but old Kate, the shepherd's wife, and called after her, 'Whither away so early, Elizabeth?—'Only to Calw,' said she, and stopped."—*Page* 21.

circumstances, would be willing to take his cloth and give him the money for it, even on a Thursday. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and Elizabeth set out with the *C-Bund* at early dawn, before the first rays of the sun had risen above the Sulzer mountain. The blackbirds and finches were carolling loudly and merrily in the green wood behind Trillishof, through which she descended into the valley of the Nagold by a steep footpath, the steps of which were formed by the roots of fir-trees. At the foot of this steep height, where a narrow bridge is thrown over the Nagold, and the chalk hills have stripped off their green livery, and stand bare up to their knees, is the small hamlet of Weiler, consisting of ten or twelve houses; while the church and school-house belonging to them, are situated high up in the mountains at Altbulach. Just as Elizabeth was going by this spot, who should come out but old Kate, the shepherd's wife, and called after her, "Whither away so early, Elizabeth?"—"Only to Calw," said she, and stopped.

"Then take me with you," said the worthy dame.

"And what have you to do at Calw?"—"Why," said Kate, "I have been spinning some worsted for the stocking manufacturer at Entenschnabel, and want to see if I can get any money from him, for he is not over prompt in his payments; and then I am going to the market at Liebenzell, to buy a couple of young geese, which I am to take at Martinmas to the castle at Wildberg. And you, I see, have a *Zeh-Bund;* how is it that you are bringing it to-day?"—"Because my poor mother-in-law died yesterday, and we want money for the funeral."

"What! is good old Margaret dead? Do you know that she and I were both from Oberhangstett, and used to say our catechism together?"

So they went on chatting together; one word led to another. At last, the shepherd's wife declared, that money was as scarce with her as at Quellbrunn, and wished she could only get a couple of hairs off the Waldecker serpent.

"What is that you are saying, Kate, about the Waldecker serpent? I never heard of it before."—"That is because you are not a native

of Quellbrunn, but of Liebelsberg, and so prefer going to Calw by way of Bulach. But here, in the valley, everybody knows about the shining serpent; and I can tell you the story of the Waldecker castle as well as anybody between here and the Nagold. Should you like to hear it?"—"To be sure, I should, if you please; though, if it were night, I might be afraid."

The old woman forthwith began her tale:—"The Waldecker castle, in days of yore, was the residence of a wicked count, who used to waylay rich people and rob them, and laid up all his plunder in a vault in the great tower, which was as deep under ground as it was high above it. Unfortunately, the old housekeeper, in a rage at her master, set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, and blew up the castle, with all the people who were in it. But the hoards of gold and silver still remain in the vaults, and are guarded by the poor young countess, twelve hours of the day in her natural form, and twelve hours in the shape of a serpent. Whoever can manage to set her at liberty, will get possession of all her property,—an immense quantity of gold and silver dollars."

CHAPTER II.

THE Nagold is the largest stream in Calw, and some of the inhabitants have never, in all their lives, seen a larger, though any one tolerably expert in gymnastics might, by the help of a pole, spring over it without wetting his shoes. It would make a famous chronicle, if it could tell of everything it has seen for the last twelve hundred years;—how, in the year 645, the nun Helizena founded the first cloister in Hirschau;—how, 800 years ago, a pope consecrated the little chapel which is standing to this day on the upper bridge;—how, in the thirty years' war, the town was burnt, and Valentine Andrea lost all his property;—how, in the year 1692, Melac again set the town on fire, and so forth;—if the Nagold could tell all this, or write it down, it would make, as we have said, a famous chronicle. But the Nagold which *could* tell all this, is by this time a long way off, mingled with the ocean; and the stream which is now flowing under my window, can only tell of that

same narrow valley and hump-backed little town which were reflected in the waters of the ancient Nagold. But its telling the story of past times or not, is of very little consequence; it is more to the purpose to say, that the Nagold, even from olden time, has been a very industrious, active kind of person, always ready to lend a helping-hand to his neighbours, and very modest withal; for you never hear him boast of all his activity in flour-mills, oil-mills, saw-mills, and mills of other sorts, nor of the assistance he has given to the spinning machinery, nor of the fertility he has imparted to the meadow-land; he never brags of his strength, by which he takes not only trees, but whole vessels on his back, and carries them down to Phorzheim, where his two sister-streams help to carry them farther; and if you are disposed to utter an eulogy on his good deeds from the upper bridge, he does not stand still a moment to listen, but runs on unconcernedly, as if what you were saying had no reference to himself. Do you not think, my young friends, that we may learn something from this?—Certainly.

Here I cannot help noticing the wisdom of

God in making such arrangements in the earth's structure, that while there are great streams for great cities, there are also little streams for little towns, as in the instance of the Nagold and Calw. Which existed first, the river or the town, is as easy to be decided as whether the hen existed before the egg. But it is equally certain, that the Trading Company came after the town, and had their counting-house in Leather Street, which is situated on the left side of the Nagold, and runs parallel to it; and thither Elizabeth had to go to sell her roll of cloth, or *Zeh-Bund.*

When she had reached the top of the broad stair-case with a wooden balustrade, she set down her basket containing the cloth, on a table which stood near the counting-house door, for she wished first to inquire whether the goods would be taken in. Fortunately, she met at the counting-house with a kind old gentleman, who, instead of speaking sharply to her, as people often do when they are busy, patiently listened to her story. At last, taking his pen from behind his ear, where it had remained all the time Elizabeth was talking, he said, "Yes, certainly, under

such peculiar circumstances, we will make an exception. Old Jorgadam has always been a punctual, industrious man; and I shall be glad to see him relieved from his difficulties. Frederic, examine whether we can make use of this piece of goods." Upon this, Frederic, the gentleman's son, left the counting-house with Elizabeth to look at the cloth; but when she raised the blue napkin that covered the basket, she had well-nigh fallen on the floor, for instead of the *Zeh-Bund*, there was an infant, five or six months' old, wrapped in a white linen cloth. "For Heaven's sake! what is this?" exclaimed the poor woman, almost beside herself, wringing her hands in agony.—"At all events, it cannot be your basket," said the young man, who seemed rather amused with the singular exchange.

"But it *is* my basket," replied Elizabeth, "for there is the name, and that is my coverlet, and when I set down the basket I peeped underneath to see that all was right; for surely, never were we in such want of six gilders as at this time." Then the old merchant stepped out, for the door being ajar, he guessed, from the tones of their voices, that

something amiss had happened. He stared, as you may suppose, when, instead of a *Zeh-Bund*, he saw a lively-looking infant in the basket, and witnessed the undissembled alarm expressed in the poor woman's pale face, who seemed as if she had not a drop of blood left in her veins. To her credit be it said, that her first thoughts were not about her own loss, nor the expenses of the funeral; but her motherly heart was touched with the misfortune of the infant, abandoned as she supposed by an unfeeling parent, and left homeless. But as she had the happy disposition of wishing to think of others in the fairest light, her conscience almost instantly reproached her for having judged too harshly. The woman, she thought, might have been impelled to take this desperate step by extreme poverty. "And how great must her necessity have been! What would force me to give up one of my children? With all my poverty, I am still much better off." Then again she said to herself, "No, no; the mother must have been a wicked creature, for if she had merely been anxious to provide for the child, she would not have gone off with what did

not belong to her." These conflicting thoughts and feelings passed through her mind with the rapidity of a spinning-wheel; but when the merchant came back, her anxiety took another direction. Now the object of her journey came before her—to procure some money for her mother-in-law's funeral; she had failed of doing this; and what would her husband and father-in-law say, if she came back without any money? Her alarm was now turned to sorrow; the tears streamed down her face faster than she could wipe them away with the corner of her apron. After she had told the old gentleman—though she could hardly speak for sobbing—what a deplorable exchange had been made, he shook his head very thoughtfully, took two or three pinches of snuff, and at last said, "My good woman, the best advice I can give you is to go directly to our town bailiff—tell him how this child came into your hands, and that your property was fraudulently taken away in its stead."—"But how will my family get their dinner dressed, if I do not reach home by twelve o'clock; and who will give me the money for the funeral, if the stolen goods are

not recovered?" rejoined Elizabeth, crying afresh. "The dinner is just now a matter hardly worth thinking about," said the merchant, taking another pinch of snuff; "and if you cannot recover the *Zeh-Bund*, I will lend you the money." Saying this, he turned back with his son to the counting-house, and left the poor woman to her sorrowful musings.

For some time Elizabeth sobbed and wept in the utmost perplexity; for the thought pressed heavily upon her, that if the mother of the child could not be found, (and she would doubtless conceal herself, if possible,) it must remain on her hands, and instead of bringing relief, she would return home with a fresh burden. But stay where she was, she could not; she must go at once to the bailiff. And here a new difficulty arose. How was she to carry the infant? To take it on her head in the basket would not do; and she could not think of carrying it on her arm, for everybody to see it;—what would people say to her? How she managed, I cannot tell, though, had I been there, I could have put her on a good plan. Soon after, however, we find her at the bailiff's, or burgo-master's,

a worthy, but somewhat rough old man, who had enjoyed plenty of opportunities to gain a knowledge of mankind; so that, at first sight, he generally gave a shrewd guess what kind of person he had to deal with. Elizabeth's looks strongly impressed him in her favour. He gave immediately the necessary orders to the police to find out the thief, and meanwhile, Elizabeth stepped into the Rose to take a little refreshment, and to recover from her fright. Behind the table, in the window-seat, was the old tinker, who made it part of his vocation to collect the news of the town in the morning at the Rose, and to retail it in the evening at the Lime-tree. He paid the closest attention to Elizabeth's strange tale, and, when she stopped, pulled the fur cap (which he wore all the year round) over his left ear, with a knowing look, and exclaimed, "My name is not Peter Jackson if I did not this very morning see a woman go by my house with a *Zeh-Bund*. Just then, a customer came into the shop, so that I did not notice her very particularly; but she went in the direction of the island." While the tinker was making this speech, a policeman stood

by the door in hopes of catching the delinquent at the public-house. He took the hint from what he overheard, and made the best of his way to the island. But he met with no better success there than on the main land; and some hours having elapsed, the bailiff sent for Elizabeth, and told her, that all inquiries had been fruitless, and nothing was left for her to do, but to keep the child, and take it home with her. Perhaps you imagine that Elizabeth would have set herself against this proposal with all her might. She might have urged that she was poor, and had nothing left; that she had enough to do to provide for her own children; and, besides, what would her father-in-law and her husband think of adding, though only one, to the number of hungry mouths that required food every day? and who could tell whether the child was the offspring of respectable parents? But if you suppose that Elizabeth reasoned in this way, you are very much mistaken, and show that you do not yet know what kind of person she was. In the course of two hours she had time enough to think over the whole matter quickly. Every quarter of an hour

the probability increased, that the unprincipled person who had made off with her property and secretly put the infant in its place, must have taken successful measures to escape detection. It appeared then a matter of necessity to take charge of the child. As a sensible and Christian woman, Elizabeth endeavoured to make the best of this unfortunate affair, and to view it in a right light, though, to say the truth, that cost her no little trouble. "If God has put this child in my hands (so she reasoned with herself) to educate it for His service, I dare not refuse the office. The occurrence, in itself, is an evil; but is it not written, '*Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?*' His hand, therefore, is plainly to be seen in the affair. And if the child thrives and improves under careful nursing and training, instead of being led into the paths of sin by its wretched parents, will not this misfortune be turned into a blessing? Who can tell? Besides, when my two little ones get their meals, enough will be left for this third. And the clothes it has on will not be worn out for some time to come."

With such considerations, the kind-hearted woman tried to keep up her spirits, and when other thoughts entered her head, such as the long faces of the good men at home, or the talk of the village gossips, she chased them away as a farmer's boy would so many geese when they come to pilfer the corn at thrashing time. And so, at last, without more ado, she could say to the bailiff, when he gave his decision, "Yes, please your worship, I see that nothing else can be done; we must make the best of it." The bailiff commended her excellent resolution, and kindly expressing his good wishes, sent her away.

Still she had a difficult task to perform,—namely, to go to the old merchant who had promised her a loan; and yet she dared not to return home penniless. But he gave her two gilders very kindly and willingly; so, at last, she set out on her return. She intended to go by way of Neubulach, but scarcely had she got past Kentheim, when her late fellow-traveller, the shepherd's wife, came in sight, carrying on her head a basket with a couple of geese. You would have smiled to see the creatures, with their long white necks, sitting

as stately as if they were going in a triumphal procession. The old woman caught the sound of footsteps behind her, and turned round directly; for, having walked alone for some distance, her tongue was tired of its long holiday, and she felt quite fidgetty. "How now, Elizabeth!" said she, "where do you come from at this time of day? I thought that you had long ago trotted back to Quellbrunn. Bless me! what have you got on your arm? Well, I really believe, that, like me, you have exchanged a lifeless burden for a living one! How came you by that little one?" Elizabeth was not well pleased to fall in with this gossipping dame at any time, but least of all when she wished to reach home unobserved. Yet what was to be done? To tell an untruth she dared not; so nothing remained but to give a straightforward account, without troubling herself how it would be taken. She went over all the particulars, and wished to make it appear that she could do no other than take the child; but in this point she failed.

"What!" said her companion, "do you mean to tax your house-keeping with this

bantling? Are not your own two youngsters enough, when you know there's room in my thimble for all your cash? I promise you, his worship should have had a different kind of answer from *me!* If his policemen cannot do their duty better, but let the rogues go at large, he ought to suffer for it, and maintain the child himself. I should go out of my senses, before I would be plagued with such a burden." Whatever Elizabeth could say, there was always a retort ready; and her talkative acquaintance made her so miserable, in thinking of the reception she would meet with at home, that she found it the hardest work in the world to keep up her courage. Gladly would she have gone by the upper bridge on the right, that leads to the Deinacher Valley, in order to get rid of the talkative dame, but it was now too late to think of that. The gossip gave her no rest till she had gone with her as far as Waldecker Castle. But it is a comfort that all roads have an end somewhere, not excepting that into the upper Seizenthal; and how glad was Elizabeth, when she could pursue her journey alone to Quellbrunn! She tried to drive away the

wasps her companion had teazed her with.—those harassing doubts, I mean, whether she had done right in taking charge of the child. She lifted up her heart to God in prayer, that she might be strengthened, when the time came, to meet the observations of her husband and her father-in-law, which were of far more consequence to her, than anything the shepherd's wife could say. Her first anxiety was to pass through the village unnoticed, as her house lay at the other end of it; and in this she succeeded, though she had to go by the village fountain, and it was about the time when people came to water their cattle. As she went up the steps outside that led to the house-door, it seemed as if leaden weights were tied to her feet; but, fortunately, she found the house shut up, for the two men were gone with the children a-haymaking in the Wolfloch meadows; so she had time to compose herself. She knew where to look for the key, in a hole above the threshold; she went in, laid the child, that had fallen asleep, on the bed in the chamber—for the corpse was already brought into another room near the kitchen,—and then began to get the supper

ready. Shortly after, the men came in with the children. "Why, Elizabeth! where have you been all this while?"—"Only sit down," she said, "and I will tell you everything." Then she began and told them, word for word, what had passed at the counting-house between her and the old merchant, and how she was shocked at the sight of the unexpected present.

"But surely you have not brought the child with you?" said her husband, before she had well finished her story. Jorgadam, however, said at once, "And why not? What else could she do? I question whether anybody in Calw would wish to take it from her."

This was a word of comfort. Elizabeth took fresh heart, and went on,—"It is true, as father says, I could do nothing else. I must have left the poor little creature to perish, and that could not be right. In Calw there are plenty of little children; and the magistrate thought, that if God was pleased to give it, one ought not to neglect it."—"Yes," said her husband, "*if* God has given it to us; but its parents must have been bad sort of people."

"Softly," replied old Jorgadam; "we must not talk in that way. When God has something to say to us, He does not always send the angel Gabriel. Many a time, mortals like ourselves, and some of them, perhaps, none of the best, deliver His messages. He has made one place empty in our bed and board, and why should we murmur if He is pleased to fill it up again, even though with a little creature, who, for some time to come, will be more a burden than a help to us? But what have you done with the child, Elizabeth?"—"It is lying on the bed, asleep."

On hearing that, they were all eager—the youngsters especially—to see it. It had just opened its eyes, and smiled sweetly upon them. "Thou poor little innocent," said Jorgadam, as he took the child in his arms, "how soon thou art cast among strangers! Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? Oh! what a heart of stone thy mother's must have been! But, Elizabeth, you must make haste, and get some food for it, or the bright, blue sky will be overcast, and we shall have a cry, instead of a smile."

While Elizabeth was gone into the kitchen, Margaret nursed the little stranger. But Matthew, Elizabeth's husband, looked very grave, and was evidently far from being satisfied. He broke silence by saying, "One does not know what to call the brat; if, indeed, it has ever been christened."—"True," said the old man, "we must send for the clergyman. However, that can be settled to-morrow, at the funeral."

When Elizabeth came with the food for the infant, Jorgadam asked her, "Did you find nothing about the child, by which you might learn who its parents were, or what was its name?"—"Nothing but the linen cloth in which it was wrapped," replied Elizabeth, "which has the letters 'E. P.' in one corner but this might have been stolen."

"Well, however that may be, we must take care of it; it may serve some day to find out the child's parentage."

Next day the clergyman came to the house, to attend the funeral. An obscure rumour had already reached him, that an infant, belonging nobody knew to whom, had been brought to old Jorgadam's, and he was somewhat curious

to learn the exact truth of the matter. The worthy man was always gratified when he heard of a deed of kindness, or charity performed by any of his flock. Elizabeth gave him an account of all the incidents, though he often interrupted her with a question, in order to clear up what appeared strange to him. Last of all, he expressed a wish to see the child; he looked very seriously at it for an instant, and then turning to Jorgadam, spoke in a very kind tone about its being christened. When he reached home, he told his wife what he had heard, but added, "I fear the good people will get into some trouble with that bantling, for *rogue* seems written on his forehead; most likely, he is the child of some vagabond gipsies, and their bad qualities generally descend to their offspring."

CHAPTER III.

WE must now leave Quellbrunn for a while, and travel eastward till we come to a village in Bohemia. If ever I pay a visit to that country, I would rather go in time of peace; but our story has no anxiety on that point, but takes us there in the time of the Seven Years' War.

"Hark!" said the Baron of Lucowiza to his lady, "the report of the artillery is getting nearer! If at last it should come here" ——— "Let us be prepared for the worst," replied the resolute, high-spirited woman. "What has happened to others, may happen to us; and what others have endured, we also may endure; and if others are brought low, we are not too good to escape similar misfortunes. But God is powerful enough to deliver us, if it seems meet to His wisdom; and let us pray to Him, not only to spare us, but to give us resigned hearts that will put unbounded confidence in Him, and unconditionally repose on His faithful, fatherly care."

It was evening. The cannonading had

ceased, and the din of war seemed withdrawn to another quarter. They ventured to retire to rest, for they had kept anxious watch on several preceding nights. But at midnight the inhabitants of the village were startled out of their deep sleep by the discharge of artillery; and before they had left their beds, part of the village was in flames, which were carried by a violent east wind from one thatched roof to another. The fire had broke out in the neighbourhood of the castle; it soon caught the out-buildings, and when the Baron woke out of sleep, he could not tell whether his rest had been broken by the noise of cannon, or by the flames which glared upon his chamber windows. While putting on a few clothes, the danger became so great that he could not hope to do more than escape with his life from the burning castle. "Have you got the child?" cried the baroness to the nurse, whom she saw running out of the house.—"Yes, I have it," she answered; "only make haste!"

The parents hurried through the garden-walks after the maid; but she was soon out of sight, and though they called after her, the

sound of their voices was lost amidst the report of musketry, the cries of distress, and the crash of falling buildings. Urged forward by the fugitives from the village, they hastened to the adjacent wood for safety, and strained every nerve to get beyond the reach of the cannon, and the tumult of war. The nurse, they thought, could have taken no other way, and would be found again in the morning. Day came, as it surely will after the longest and most troubled night. They had left the wood behind them, and had reached the clear, open country. Here and there might be seen a little band of fugitives; some with a bundle, small or large, on their backs; others with only a scanty supply of clothing, which they had hastily put on. Oh! how earnestly and inquisitively did the afflicted parents cast their eyes around after their lost child! They hastened breathless from one group to another, in order to find their precious treasure with the nurse; and every moment the quickness of their pulse, and the anguish of their hearts increased, as each inquiry in succession ended in disappointment. They did not give up all hope

hastily; *that*, a mother's heart could not do, but its feeble props broke down, one after another, so that at last it entirely sunk and was lost. In the nearest villages all their inquiries were fruitless; and they could not go back, for war and all its horrors were every moment coming nearer; they were forced to go forwards, and in doing so, probably went further from the direction their servant had taken; but no choice was left. We must now leave them, commending them to that Almighty Comforter who is "rich in mercy to all that call upon Him," while we return to Lucowiza.

On what a slender thread, to human eyes, often hangs a human life! That infant in the ark of bulrushes, on the banks of the Nile, to how many accidents was he exposed! and yet, to what a glorious career was he destined! That little child, who alone of all his family was forgotten when the house was on fire, and then was suddenly rescued by his father, and became a distinguished and successful labourer in the service of Christ,—on what a mere hair did his life hang! But along with these fine threads and hairs, are

interwoven other invisible ones, of heavenly texture and divinely strong. Holy angels are employed in protecting and rescuing those little ones on whose service they are sent forth; and hence it comes to pass that their lives are so often preserved in the most wonderful manner, over whom the Keeper of Israel and His hosts hold watch. You have noticed the incidents I have told you, but how they came about, you cannot even guess; listen, then, while I proceed.

A mile from Lucowiza, farther inland, lies a village, the name of which I do not know; but what would the name of a Bohemian village signify to you? This village also had been visited by the calamities of war; part of it was burnt; the houses that were left standing, had been plundered; and the fields around lay desolate. Unfortunately, it was just harvest-time, the corn was cut, the sheaves were standing bound in the fields; but ere the reapers had time to fetch them home, another reaper came, who, with an invisible sickle, cut down the reapers themselves, and many more besides. I need not tell you his name. But you will perhaps be

"A few sheaves were still standing; but looking between them, he saw, to his great astonishment, what he had neither sought for nor expected,—a child about two years of age fast asleep."—*Page* 47.

reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

The hostile bands came rushing on, and where yesterday dwelt peace, prosperity, and hope, was to be seen to-day the grim form of desolation, which the few who survived beheld with terror and dismay. On the following morning, when the black cloud of war had rolled over the borders, a countryman, whose cottage had escaped the flames, went out into his corn-fields to see whether he could find a sheaf or two to carry home. A few were still standing; but looking between them, he saw, to his great astonishment, what he had neither sought for nor expected,—a child about two years old fast asleep. It seemed as if an angel had laid it there, for such a happy smile played over the features of the little sleeper, that you might imagine it was dreaming Jacob's dream over again. The good countryman could not take his eyes off that little smiling face; he was unwilling to wake it; but at last it awoke of

itself. Now, indeed, as you might expect, the happy smile was gone; for the child no longer saw an angel, but a strange, unknown, old man; over its head was the wide-spread blue vault of the sky, and near it, instead of the white pillow of its cradle, the rough ground, with long stubble and a few sheaves. It called for its mother and Theresa; and when neither of them appeared, a little cloud began to gather on its brow, and the drops trickled down its rosy cheeks. The man took it up in his arms, stroking and soothing it as well as he knew how; then, leaving the sheaves for which he had come thither, carried the child home. On the way, a doubt arose in his mind whether his wife would feel as kindly towards the little one as he did himself; but "No," he said, "it has long been a source of sorrow to her that we have had no more children since those whose bed death has made in the churchyard. She will be glad to have our loss made up in this way." And so it proved. The news that some sheaves still remained, gave her joy; but she was more rejoiced at the living present that God's hand had bestowed; and when the good

woman fetched from their back-garden a handful of strawberries, the cloud on the little weeper's brow soon dispersed; and though it often called for father, mother, and Theresa, yet by degrees it became attached to its foster-parents, who, with tender love, sought to make up the loss of its home to the best of their power. How the child came among the sheaves; whether its faithful nurse had been shot, and her forlorn little charge had wandered by itself into the cornfields; or by what other means it was brought there, they could not tell. The inhabitants of Lucowiza had left the place, and the greater part of them never returned.

The Seven Years' War had just begun, and, of course, for some time, the communication between one place and another was rendered very difficult, and often quite impracticable. It is true, that as soon as the Baron of Lucowiza had found a resting-place in a neighbouring country, he sent a trusty messenger, with orders to search the place and country all round, if, perchance, some trace might be found of the lost child; but when the man reached the borders of Saxony, he fell ill of typhus fever, and died in the hospital

of a small town, without having fulfilled his errand. The child itself was too young to give any information; it only knew that it was called Theodore. Theodore's foster-parents were not originally poor; they once possessed beautiful fields and meadows; but their cattle had been taken away—their house had been plundered—the fruits of their fields destroyed—and their barns contained no provision for the winter. It cost them much trouble to procure a few cattle again, and even to get daily bread; for though they would gladly have sold part of their land in order to get some money, they could find no purchaser in these troublous times. Yet they did not let the little one want for anything. If they had only a single morsel, they would cheerfully go supperless to bed, rather than that their foster-child should suffer hunger. The little creature throve fast; and the love that was bestowed upon him, was not wasted; he soon gave signs of such grateful attachment, and was so attentive and obedient, that they were often ready to imagine that the child was really their own, and never for a moment repented having taken it in.

Six years long they had nourished and

protected the stranger-child, and tended it with heartfelt, parental love, when they were both taken off by an epidemic, which was one of the many sad consequences of the war. The disease, even in an early stage of it, deprived the sufferers of their senses. Theodore, who was only eight years old, knew not what to do, and called in a poor neighbour, a widow, who, as no medical man was at hand, did what she could, according to the best of her knowledge; but she was as little able as the weeping child to render efficient aid. At last, a physician came, as there were several other people ill in the village; but he saw at once that it was too late to save them. A few days more, and the poor boy was standing by the side of two corpses.

Then followed the funeral, and the division of the property among the relations of the deceased. One took the house; another the arable land; a third the pasture land; a fourth the moveable goods; but no one was eager to take the orphan. He had already been a thorn in their eyes; for they were afraid that he had been adopted by the man and his

wife, and would deprive them of the inheritance. Fortunately, the good people had two Bibles—one in their house, the other in their hearts; and out of both they had conscientiously and diligently instructed their foster-child; and in so doing, had bequeathed him a treasure, which formed no part of the property to be divided, and to which the greedy heirs could make no claim, even had they been disposed. Now, in this hour of difficulty, he recollected the expression, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," (Psalm xxvii. 10.) This was his staff when about to leave his present home—the staff of his right hand, when he was forced to grasp a beggar's staff with the other.

By this time the war was over; but its effects were still severely felt by the inhabitants of the country. The corn fields were lying waste—the dwelling houses, for the greater part, were pillaged or burnt—and on all sides the greatest distress prevailed. For a whole twelvemonth, Theodore was obliged to wander about as a poor beggar boy. He went from place to place, and sought for shelter; but everywhere he was repulsed, for he could not

tell his birthplace. Even the police could not lay hold of him, and send him back to his parish, for no one knew where it was situated. Here and there, he met with kind people, who gave him some broken victuals; but more frequently he was obliged to content himself with a piece of dry bread. His lodging for the night was commonly a hovel on some hay, or a wood-house; and in winter, perhaps a warm stable, unless he was allowed to lie on a bench in the kitchen. His clothes, which soon were worn to rags, would now and then be replaced by a torn jacket, or a patched pair of trousers, big enough for a youth of eighteen; so that he looked in them, for all the world, like a scarecrow. The luxury of an ordinary pair of shoes, he had long been a stranger to,—in summer, he went barefoot; in winter, he wrapped his feet in old rags, and stuck them in large shoes, which some charitable people had given him. Yet he never wanted bread; and, strictly speaking, did not suffer hunger; for it was not easy to withhold relief from such a good-looking, cleanly, modest boy. He took care to wash himself every morning at a spring, and to comb out his long black

hair; he kept his clothes as clean and as tidy as was possible. When he was taken into a house for the night, the first thing he asked for was a Bible; or if one was not at hand, for some good book, in which he read the whole of the evening, sometimes aloud, if it were wished. Had not the people with whom he became acquainted in this way, been generally of the poorer class, he would soon have found regular employment; but by the rich and wealthy, he was not allowed to come across the threshold; so that they had no means o' becoming acquainted with his good qualitie At last, after wandering about for a lon while, he found a poor family, who gave hir shelter, and with whom he shared the victuals that had been given him in the course of the day, and of which he had always some left in the evening. He took his daily round about the village where these poor folks lived, but went no greater distance than would allow of his coming back at night to his bed, which was only a sack of straw.

One evening, however, long after harvest-time, when the open ground, with the starry ceiling above it, no longer served for a bed-

chamber, poor Theodore loitered too long on his way home; he could not see the path through the dark forest, nor the glimmer of the village lights. He hastened on and on; walked all night anxiously through forest and field,—sometimes he fancied that he was in a well-known district; and then again was quite bewildered. As his anxiety increased, he quickened his pace. That beautiful Psalm, the twenty-third, came unto his mind,—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Ah!" said he to himself, "how true that is! That is a better staff than the beggar's; and as long as I have *it*, why should I fear?" Immediately all the anxiety of his heart vanished, and he resolved to go on quietly and leisurely, till the Good Shepherd, of whom he had been thinking, should shew him a way. Upon this, he soon came to a beaten foot-path, and went on with comfort; for he said, "This must surely bring me to some place. On the left, something glimmers through the trees; it is certainly a light; there must be a

house, perhaps a village, where I can find a bed." With these thoughts, he went in the direction of the light, and left the path which possibly might be *from* a village, instead of leading *to* one. For a long time, he could see the light distinctly; then it vanished again behind the trees. But on turning in another direction, the light was entirely gone; probably it was lost behind a hill. He now went on at hap-hazard towards the quarter in which he believed that he first saw the light, till morning dawn arose behind him, and, very soon after, the first rays of a September sun gilded the tops of the fir-trees. He came out of the forest on an open height. And what golden bird is that which seems to float aloft in the air? Is it not a weather-cock? and underneath is a golden cross on the lofty tower of a cathedral? It is even so! Yes! the boy stands at last in sight of a city, miles distant from his last home—and yet it is in the right way. For the first time in his life, Theodore beheld a city, and that a large one. He enters the streets; he feels as if in a new world. There are magnificent mansions, large churches, splendid shops, gentlemen and ladies

finely dressed; and, strange to say, amidst it all, there are beggar boys like himself! How is it possible (he thought) that in such a beautiful, rich city, there can be any poor people! But as he was looking at these boys, with their touselled hair and dirty faces, he recollected that he had not washed himself that morning. From the high ground where he first caught sight of the city, he had noticed that a tolerably broad river flowed through it; so he went to wash himself in it. His clothes consisted, at this time, of a large black jacket, which had been a frock-coat before the skirts were cut off; a pair of old patched trousers of Manchester manufacture, which had belonged to a brewer's drayman; blue stockings, and a pair of cast-off women's shoes. He had no shirt, nor any covering for his head. But his thick black hair, which he now combed out neatly, hung in glossy locks on his shoulders; and if his white skin had not been tanned by the sun, he might have been taken for a gipsy with a Circassian-formed head. But what cared he just then for either Circassian or gipsy! He was as hungry as both together, and went from one

street to another, in the hopes that one or other of those finely dressed people would give him something to eat. But this hope failing, he ventured at last to ask for a loaf at a baker's, where he saw many in the window; but was roughly refused. "How is this?" thought he; "is it a custom in this city never to relieve a beggar? Then I would rather go back again to my village; for a villager has never refused me a piece of bread! Yet how do the beggar-boys live, whom I see here, in the market-place, if nobody gives them anything? Perhaps I went to the wrong door." He went, accordingly, to another house, and asked the people who lived on the ground-floor for a morsel of bread, as he had eaten nothing since the evening before. As they did not know he had been walking all night, they thought he was imposing upon them and showed him the door. Theodore was almost driven out of his senses by such inhumanity, but resolved to make one more attempt; and if that failed, to seek out his former home,—the beggar's lodging and the bed of straw. But it just struck him, that he had a piece of money in his pocket, which a tradesman pass-

ing by had given him, and he thought, "Now I need not want; I can *buy* some bread." Unfortunately, the coin was a foreign one, and the baker would not take it; but as he saw the lad was hungry, he gave him a piece of bread. On the other side of the street was a handsome house, with a court in front. Theodore crossed over, sat down on the pavement, and eat the bread, with thankfulness to God, who had fulfilled the promise, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters;" and while he was musing on the relief afforded him by the twenty-third Psalm during his wanderings in the night, he was overcome by drowsiness, and in a few minutes was in a deep sleep.

It was about the hour when the gentry were accustomed to take their morning airing. A carriage drove up to the mansion in front of which Theodore was lying. A gentleman alighted from it, with a lady in mourning. They could not help noticing the lad, for he was lying not far from the door; and having once seen him, they could not take their eyes off, but gazed at him with deep attention. It was not owing so much

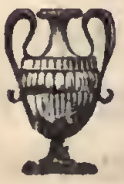
to the strange attire in which he was clad, or his long black hair, which touched the pavement; but over his features might be again seen that sweet gentle smile which played upon them when he lay, a little one, as we have described, in the corn-field. Perhaps he saw again, in a dream, the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder. The sorrowful eye of the lady was fixed on the sleeping youth, and could not withdraw itself. Soon also the gentleman became equally interested. "How is this?" he said to his wife; "would not our Theodore, if he were still alive, be about the size of this lad?" But the female—— Oh! holy mother's love, who can fathom thee?—Only that Being who gave thee the eye that instantaneously saw the image of her own lost child, with the liveliest distinctness, embodied before her in that sleeping beggar-boy!

When Theodore awoke, and could use his eyes and lips, question followed question; and by every fresh answer, the conviction was increased, that they had before them their lost child. But in such a case not mere probability, but certainty, is longed

for; and this could only be obtained by inquiries on the spot. They resolved, therefore, to set out for Lucowiza the next morning; meanwhile, Theodore was brought into the house, and suitably clothed; yet he could not, all at once, adapt himself to his altered circumstances. On waking the next morning, he said, "Mother, to-day is a fine one for me, no rain, no snow, no storm; capital begging weather this!" "My poor child!" replied his mother, while her tears flowed apace, "there is now an end of thy begging. I have mourned for thee ever since we lost thee, and constantly dressed in black. To-day I shall put on white; and from this hour thy life of toil is at an end; but thy begging-wallet, which thou broughtest home so empty, we will keep as a memorial, that thou mayest continue humble and grateful to the Good Shepherd, who has guarded His wandering sheep, and brought it back uninjured to the fold."

Next day they travelled all together to Lucowiza, which its former proprietor had long before sold. Some of the former inhabitants had fixed themselves on the same spot

again; but no one could give any account of the lost child. From Lucowiza they proceeded to the village where Theodore had passed six happy years. The poor widow, whom I mentioned before, was still living, and was delighted to see the boy once more. From her his parents learned enough to satisfy them that Theodore was their son. But the particulars of this I must reserve for the sequel.



CHAPTER IV.

WE must now go back to Quellbrunn. The little boy whom we first saw in the basket had been christened; but instead of any such nickname as "Tom Foundling," or "Timothy Changeling," he was called, by old Jorgadam's express desire, Adam Zeh-bund, (I need not explain to my readers for what reason;) and by this name he was entered in the Parish Register at Quellbrunn. But I must here observe, that it is of far more importance under what name he is entered in the Register of Heaven—in the "Book of Life;"—whether he there stands in the list of God's chosen ones. What may be our hopes on this head for the poor boy, will be seen hereafter. For the present, all we can say is, that the prospect is not a very bright one. In his earliest years the child was lively, contented, and merry, and gave much amusement to both old and young. But the clergyman always shook his head whenever he saw him, and said to himself, as before, "That boy has

rogue stamped on his forehead!" That would not have much signified, if it had not been stamped on his heart. But, according to a German proverb, the organ of roguery is placed somewhere else than on the forehead; for of a rogue it is said, "He is as thick as a fist behind the ears." Still it must be allowed, that though the minister of Quellbrunn saw only the forehead, his judgment was correct. No sooner could little Adam run about, and play with children of his own age, than complaints were made of his tricks. The first day he went to school, the master declared, that he must have his eye upon him, or he would be indulging his propensity for mischief; either boring a hole in the desk with a rusty nail, or pricking the boy who sat before him with a slate-pencil, tickling another with a feather, or pulling a hair out of a third. He could not sit still. His eyes were constantly in motion; and he was always shifting his position, leaning first on one elbow, then on the other. With his lessons he did not show quite so much activity. His eyes, instead of being fixed on his book, were occupied in watching the sparrows on the

cherry trees. As to his foster-mother, Elizabeth, his frolics placed her almost in the predicament of a hen with a brood of young ducks. when she sees them, in utter disregard of all her maternal clucking, take to the water; or that of a Jenny Wren, who has unfortunately hatched a young Cuckoo, when the stranger begins to maltreat the rightful nestlings. Sometimes a neighbour stepped in to complain that Adam had worried a fowl to death; or a person who had been set to watch an orchard, declared that Adam had been pelting stones at the fruit. At another time, the little humpbacked tailor threatened to beat him black and blue, for squirting water into his garret. Nor was this all. If any trick was played off by some unknown hand, Adam was taxed with it; so that more was charged upon him than he really deserved. It must be admitted, that he was not the only rogue in Quellbrunn; but when the publican's or wheelwright's son wished to make a disturbance, they had only to take care to conceal their share in it, and it might be reckoned upon, that it would be laid at Adam's door; so that he had often to suffer

for misdemeanours of which he was guiltless. But correction and good advice seemed equally thrown away upon him. Whenever Elizabeth complained to the clergyman, his usual answer was, "Yes; the first time I set my eyes on the boy, I saw *rogue* on his forehead, and my wife said the same thing. In short, my good woman, I have no doubt he comes of some gipsy family, although his complexion is not quite so dark. Evil qualities go deep into flesh and blood, and it is no easy matter to root them out." This was poor comfort, and yet Elizabeth could say nothing against it. But old Jorgadam, when she told him of it, had no patience with such "senseless twaddle," as he called it. "Is that," he said, "not encouraging people to repent of having done a good work? Just for this reason, God has brought the poor fellow to our door, that he may be cured of his bad propensities, which would have had no check in his former situation. And if the pastor himself doubts whether the Word of God and prayer can cure such depravity, what is to become of the rest of us? 'The whole need not a physician, but they that

are sick, our Saviour tells us; and if the Heavenly Physician is not to be trusted, as having a remedy for the most desperate diseases, why should any man become a minister?"

When the clergyman came again to the weaver's, and the conversation turned, as might be expected, on young Adam, and the power of the "old Adam" within him, Jorgadam did not conceal what he thought, but spoke out very plainly. "Quite right," said the minister; "but when it stands so plainly written on a person's forehead—when God, who knows the heart before a man is born, puts such a mark on his forehead, like Cain's, it is evidently for the purpose of putting people on their guard; and while the countenance remains the same, we have little reason to hope for any great alteration in the character."

"Reverend Sir," said old Jorgadam, "I cannot argue the point with you; but I think, if a man can be converted from the original sin which we have derived from our first father, he can also be converted from the particular evil propensities which he

derives from his nearest relatives; and it is my humble opinion, that a sign on the forehead, and a roguish eye, may be effaced by conversion."

"Now, I am sure," said the clergyman, taking his hat in his hand, "I would not say one word against your treating little Adam according to your view of his case. I do not hold his improvement to be impossible, but it is very improbable." Saying this, he withdrew. Old Jorgadam did not live to see whether his opinion or the minister's was right; for, shortly after, he fell from a barn, as he was carrying in the sheaves, and died in a few hours.

Meanwhile the two children belonging to the house had finished their schooling. Margaret went to her grandmother at Liebelsberg, who had no children at home, and needed a nurse in her old age. Willy was apprenticed to a wheelwright at Nagold; for the old wheelwright at Quellbrunn, Bentwood, was dead, and there was no likelihood of a successor in the village. Matthew and Elizabeth had now only little Adam at home, and could pay him so much the more attention.

Henceforward he was watched rather more strictly; fewer opportunities were allowed him for playing off his mischievous pranks, and, in consequence, fewer complaints were made against him. But, after a while, he, too, had finished his schooling; and now they were anxious to apprentice him in a well regulated Christian family; for they wished him to be something superior to a mere country labourer. "Manufacture has a golden soil," old Jorgadam used to say, and, for this reason, he added weaving to the cultivation of land; and so did his son, who had, besides, for several years, held the office of Sacristan. Little Adam, when asked what he would like to be, used to say, "A gamekeeper." His voice, however, had little weight in determining the question. While they were deliberating, in came the shoemaker from Rohrbrunn, who had heard that the Sacristan had a fine bullock in the stall to dispose of, and wished to purchase it.

"Good morning to you, cousin," said Elizabeth; "we are glad to see you once more. You have not been near us for a year and a day."—"Aye; it is, indeed, a long

time. I have not been across the brook since your mother's funeral. Ever since they have made my lads soldiers, and sent them against old Frederick, under whom I myself served in the first Silesian war, I have been so out of humour, that I have not stirred from home."

"Well! but come in and warm yourself; I will go to the cellar and draw a jug of cider." So saying, she left him, and the shoemaker went into the sitting-room, where the Sacristan was weaving. He told his errand, and, before the cider was brought in, learned that the beast was not for sale, and that he had been misinformed. "But I have another article for you," said the Sacristan; "an apprentice, if you can employ him."—"Yes," said the shoemaker, "I have room and work for him; for I have to make shoes, all the year round, for the gentry in Nagold, as you well know; so that I can teach him something. But I cannot take him without a premium; for I can have as many lads as I could put nails in a shoe-heel."

"I know that quite well, and am ready to pay what is fair and reasonable."—"But let

me see! Your Willy has been some time apprenticed to the wheelwright at Nagold, and you don't mean surely to saddle me with that young good-for-nought, whose tricks are talked of all over Oberamt!"

"Why, in truth, it is no other than he," said Elizabeth, who was just come in with the bread and cider; "but he is not so bad as he was formerly, and if you keep a tight rein over him, you will find him very manageable."—"There shall be no lack of strictness, I promise you," said their guest, as he helped himself to another slice of the loaf; "yet, I think, another trade would be better for him. I fear he has not steadiness enough to sit all day on the stool, and would rather *wear out* a pair of shoes than *make* them."

"Just for that reason," said the Sacristan, "I should prefer his being with you, that he may learn how to sit still; and as you are an old soldier, you know how to maintain discipline."—"As for myself, I am not afraid of him; but I do not like to take a youth who will do me no credit."

"If you will take him I will pay a fair premium, and give you the beast into the

bargain. You may, at least, take him on trial."

After a good many words on either side, they came at last to terms, and the shoemaker promised to take Adam as an apprentice till midsummer.

CHAPTER V.

WE have already gone far into the century, and must now turn our locomotive, in order to go back to the day when we made our first acquaintance with Adam Zeh-bund.

At the spot where the road from Merklingen and Weilerstadt branches off from the road to Leonberg, in the direction of Tiefenbrunn and Pforzheim, there stands a small turnpike house, where the toll is taken either for the road or the bridge,—I do not know for which exactly, for when I paid it, I never asked the question. Facing the house is a small open space between two large, beautiful lime-trees, which stand on each side of the road. From days of yore down to the present time, gipsies, knife-grinders, and such sort of people, have made this place their rendezvous, and taken up their lodgings for the night in the ruins of the old chapel that stands hard by. Not far off, flows the river Würm, (in English *Worm*,) which gives its name to the valley, and is so called from its strangely crooked course,

resembling the wrigglings of a worm. It runs from south-east to north-west. Towards the west, there is a little valley, which you may pass through in half an hour; it is shut in on the back-ground by a semi-circle of hills. In the distance lies the little village of Münklingen. Before it, on the right, stands Kapellenberg, (that is, *Chapel-hill*,) a little eminence, on which formerly stood a castle or a chapel, and which joins the range of hills behind it. Between it and the forest of Hocheben, runs the so-called Swedish entrenchment down to Lehningen, which is perhaps of still more ancient date than its name implies. The district is not remarkable for natural beauties; but for a native of Germany, it has associations which render it classic ground. Weilerstadt was the residence of two eminent men,—John Brenz the Reformer, and Kepler the great astronomer. Where the Würm empties itself into the Nagold at Pforzheim, John Reuchlin, Luther's contemporary, was born; and not far off, at Bretten, Philip Melanchthon; and on the other side, to the right, the philosopher Schelling. But I venture to say, that the man who is now

standing there, under one of the lime-trees, and looking so intently towards Kapellenberg, feels no special interest about any of these noted persons;—his thoughts are directed to quite different objects. At the time I am speaking of, the sun was just setting over Kapellenberg; the man therefore shaded his eyes with his hand, to prevent their being dazzled by its rays. In the back-ground of the valley, slight wreathes of smoke arose from the cottage chimneys, showing that at this busy season of field labour, the suppers of the villagers were preparing rather later than usual. Kapellenberg cast a long shadow down the valley, which gradually stretched deeper into the country, and, as it were, swallowed up the sunshine. A corn waggon, and three persons in it, entered the little village; another waggon with flour sacks went to the mill. The man scarcely noticed them; his eyes rested on a single point on the top of the hill, as if he had been watching an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He looked about fifty years old, was more than six feet high—a thin, bony figure, with the complexion of a gipsy. Of his forehead nothing could be seen, for a cap

of otter's skin covered it down to his shaggy eyebrows, which shaded the piercing glance of his deep set eyes, and made them look still more strange. Under an aquiline nose, a pair of large moustachios covered his mouth, and joined his bushy whiskers, so that of the whole countenance nothing was to be seen but the cheek-bones and chin. His shirt, which had not been washed for a week at least, was open about the neck and chest. Waistcoat and neckcloth were wanting as much as leaves to meadow saffron when in flower. The jacket and short trousers were made of Manchester striped stuff, a good deal worn; the stockings were grey, and the half-boots laced. By his side stood a younger man, scarce five feet and a-half high, but broad and thick set, inclining to corpulency. He had on a Tyrolese hat, with a peacock's feather; about his neck was loosely twisted a red neckcloth, with yellow dots; he had no waistcoat, and his clothes were of grey cloth. His face, which was not covered with hair like the other's, bore the marks of good-humoured carelessness and roguish levity. A two-wheeled covered cart, laden with stone pitchers, stood near the old

chapel; and an ass, the single animal employed to draw it, was unharnessed, and nibbling thistles on the common. Behind the cart were two children,—one eight, the other ten years old, lying on the turf, and playing with the small shells they had picked up on the road. Their clothes could be no burden to them in hot weather, for they were rags; and as for their feet, they could not complain that their shoes were too tight, for they had none.

But while we are watching this curious group the sun has set behind the fir-forest, and the man with the otter's-skin cap has directed his looks a little on the left towards the road that leads from Simmozheim to Merklinzen. He is evidently expecting some one, and after looking awhile that way, he turns to the shorter man and says, "Rudi, I cannot tell why the woman is so long a-coming; she has had the whole day."—"Old fellow," replied Rudi, with a hearty laugh, "your eyes, I think, must be growing dim. They used to be sharp as a lynx's. Don't you see her there, just on the edge of the Forchenwald. She's coming, I am sure, at a good pace."

"You are right," said his companion; "I was dazzled by the sun, and besides, was looking too much to the left. Now I see her plainly; but it seems as if she had not got rid of the brat, for she is carrying something on her arm."—"Well, now," rejoined Rudi, "to tell you my mind, I have been more than half sorry that I ever gave my consent."

"What! why sorry? What could we do with that young squaller while we are at the work we have in hand? I cannot spare my old woman, and the lasses are too young for nurses."

After talking together for some time, they saw the woman coming up from the bridge. "What in the world can she be carrying?" exclaimed Rudi; "no child, I am sure, for she shoulders it like a musket."—"Say rather, like a piece of artillery, for it's big enough," said the other.

"What have you got there, Bridget?"—"Why, call it changeling, or what you please, it's what I have brought instead of the child;" and so saying, she threw her bundle on the turf.

"Tired enough, are you not?" said the

elder man, (whom we will call Conrad.)—"Pretty well for that," replied Bridget; "however, I have relieved the woman to whom it belonged, for she could not have carried both home."

"Tell us, how did you get on?"—"Oh! well enough. From Pforzheim I took the road over Huchenfeld and Reichenbach; there I had some bread and milk at a fisherman's; then I went over Liebenzell and Huschan to Calw. I got there in good time; and as I was going up the street, a countrywoman met me with a basket on her head. I turned round and followed her close behind; for, thought I, she is going to the Company's to sell some cloth. Going softly behind her up the steps, I heard her set the basket down and go into the counting-house. 'Ha!' said I to myself, 'now's the time.' I seized the cloth, put the little creature in the basket; I was ready to cry, it looked so sweetly at me; but not a moment was to be lost; I was off again over the bridge, and hid myself in a hovel till late in the afternoon,—frightened enough, for I felt sure the police would be after me. About five o'clock, as all seemed

quiet, I went on again; and here I am, tired and hungry as a gipsy."—"But," said Rudi, "do you know who has the child? for if our business turns out well, I will have it again."

"You might be sure," answered Bridget, "I would not leave Calw without knowing that. Yet I learned it quite accidentally. Two women were going over the bridge, and as they passed by the hovel, I heard one of them say to the other, 'So the woman must keep the child?'—'Yes, indeed,' said the other; 'and she's Jorgadam's daughter-in-law of Quellbrunn.' That was enough for me, and I could do without any further inquiries."

The men now turned to the package, opened it, and examined the *Zeh-Bund.* "A good article," said Conrad; "it will make some warm smocks for the winter."—"Yes," added Bridget, "and cloaks for the two girls."

They then made haste to light a fire. Rudi, who had gone a little way further, found a hare asleep; he seized it by the ears, killed it with a stone, and in a short time skinned and dressed it. Some pieces of bread which the children had begged in Pforzheim still lay in the basket, and the brandy-

flask was not quite empty. They made up their beds in the chapel.

On the following morning the two men went to Münklingen, and inquired for the bailiff's house. Before starting, they had put themselves in as decent trim as their scanty wardrobe would allow, that they might not fail of their object by making an unfavourable impression at first sight. They began with saying that they had something to communicate in confidence, and therefore begged to see the magistrate alone. The bailiff had a room-full of children and domestics, just taking their breakfast, and having no other apartment in his house at liberty, desired them to walk with him to the council-house. When they were seated, he waited with eagerness to hear their business. Conrad, who took the lead, and assumed a very important look, began,—"Please your worship, we have received confidential information, that in the vault of the old castle which once stood on Kapellenberg, there is concealed a vast treasure of gold and silver coins, and jewels; and we are come to ask your permission to dig for this treasure, as we have been instructed how to get at it."

Bailiff.—How have you come to a knowledge of the fact?

Conrad.—On that point we cannot give any farther information.

Bailiff.—Are you sure of the fact? and what pledge can you give me of its truth?

Conrad.—We are quite sure; and for a pledge, we promise to hand over one-half of the treasure so found to the public chest.

Bailiff.—But you know that, legally, we could claim the whole.

Conrad.—Certainly, if you found it; but you might seek for years, and find nothing; for, excepting our two selves, nobody knows on which side to dig, in order to get at this hidden treasure. However, if your worship does not think proper to grant our request, we can keep our secret to ourselves; that is all.

Bailiff.—No; I do not mean that; I only wish you to understand, that it is no more than fair to give us at least one-half. But if you intend to employ any superstitious means, which are sometimes used for such purposes, —conjurations, incantations, fumigations, and the like,—I protest to you, beforehand, I will have nothing to do with it.

Conrad.—No nonsense of that sort, I assure

your worship, could serve our purpose. Real gold and silver coins lie in the chests, guarded by no black poodle dog with fiery eyes. We have nothing to do with incantations. A good mattock, a crowbar, and a two-pronged fork, are all the instruments we shall need. In this business, hard labour will be the best conjurer.

Bailiff.—All very well, so far; but only think what an upstir it will make in the whole neighbourhood if it should come out! Why, my superiors would inform the Government, and I should smart for it!

Rudi.—There's one way to prevent that,—we shall work by night, and tell nobody; but then you, too, must keep your mouth shut.

Bailiff.—Of course; but how much treasure is there?

Conrad.—That we do not know exactly; but we shall not quarrel about a capful more or less. At all events, it 's more than you have ever seen in all your life.

Bailiff.—And where will you keep yourselves in the daytime?

Conrad.—Down at the mill; and the miller must be let into the secret, or it cannot be done.

Bailiff.—But if nothing comes of it, I shall be his butt as long as I live. He is, moreover, a rogue.

Conrad.—Leave all that to us. We have no wish to labour for nothing.

Bailiff.—When will you begin?

Conrad.—Perhaps to-night. We must be ready before the moon rises, or there will be no security.

After some further conference between the parties, the two men went and made the needful arrangements with the miller; they then returned to the chapel, and took away their caravan. The miller made room for them in an old stable which was not in use. It was large enough for old and young, ass and cart;—not much like the stable at Bethlehem, however, as far as the present occupants were concerned. As to the younger girl, she was to lie all day on a heap of straw, with a cloth tied round her head, as if she were ill. This was to serve as a blind if people asked why the gipsy party stayed so long at the mill. Here truth requires me to state, that they were not really gipsies. I cannot say much about them; but this I

know, that the last place they came from was Alsatia,—that on the way Rudi's wife died, and left an infant behind her. Bridget did not like to be troubled with it, and to have it always in her arms while they were going from place to place; they could not put it in the cart; and neither of the girls was old enough to take charge of it; so it was planned between Bridget and her husband that it must be got rid of; for it would have been quite a hinderance in their present undertaking, as Bridget must help to dig. Rudi, with his easy good nature, allowed himself to be talked over; yet with the provision, that the child should be brought back if their hopes of getting the treasure were realized, of which they had no doubt, for one of their comrades had entrusted the secret to them on his death-bed. He averred, that he had actually seen the chests, and had guessed from their weight how valuable the contents must be. There was also in the village a current tradition of long standing, that a great treasure lay hid in the vaults of the tower.

Now, I should like to know, my young readers, what you think of this affair; whether

you wish that the people may find the treasure, or would be better pleased if they were disappointed? But as I cannot have your answer, for none of you know that I am writing this story, I will pay a visit with you to the stable at the mill. You can see nobody, for it is night. Rudi, Bridget, and Conrad are hard at work in the Kapellenberg, and the two girls lie side by side on the straw, but cannot sleep, because they slept so much in the day-time, when their seniors also rested. Happily, they were not at this time, as was often the case, suffering from hunger. The miller had given them plenty of bread and milk, as he hoped to have a share of the booty.

"Ho! Rachel, are you awake?" cried Alice.—"Yes, indeed," was the answer; "this straw makes a good bed, but I have already slept more than enough in the day-time." "You must be ill,—you must not sleep so much; or people will not believe that there is anything the matter with you."—"Well! let them believe just what they like, I shall sleep when I please. But hark ye, Alice, what are our folks doing on the hill?"

"What are they doing?—why, digging for gold!"

"Where does the gold come from?"

"How should I know?—father will spend it in drink, as he always does when he has any money; and then we get beaten, and mother too, if she takes our part. "Oh! many a time he beats us, when he can hardly stand on his legs. However, if they find a great deal, we shall have some of it."

"And what shall we get then?"—"Oh! shoes and stockings, and a red cloak, and a pair of earrings apiece, hanging down to our shoulders, like little Salome's, whose father got the grand prize in the lottery."

"And what good will all that do us?"—"How can you ask such a question? Would you not rather walk in shoes, than go barefoot; and wear beautiful clothes, rather than such rags, that make people think we are young gipsies? Good master Jackass might then find a living with somebody else, and we could ride in a coach." "And is that all you can tell me? I know of something much better;—listen, Rachel, and I will tell you. I should like to learn to read like the children

in the city, for then I should not be so weary of having nothing to do, and I should understand much more than I do now; yes, I should understand more than father, and mother, and Rudi. Then I could run away and they could not find me."

"And so you would leave me behind, would you, Alice?"

"Could not you run away too? Besides, as soon as I understood things, I would help you through."

"But how would you get a living? Do you think I should like to beg all my life long? Oh! how can you talk such nonsense. If they find a great deal of gold, we shall have some of it, and can buy everything we want."—"You may be sure they will give you none of it; they will put it out of the way." "But if I am cleverer than they are, I will find it out, though they may try to hide it."—"Oh! yes, *if* you are—— Come, let us go to sleep, and dream what we can of being rich, and of learning to read, and of running away; and if we dream of anything bad, why, you know, it 's not true when we wake."

Alice, almost before she had finished speak-

ing, had lain down, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. Rachel followed her example. When they awoke, it was broad day-light, and the working-party were already taking rest by their side. After hearing the conversation of the two children, you are better able to judge whether you can wish them to find the treasure. At the same time, we hope you will be inclined to thank our Father in Heaven that He has not given you such parents, and that you have enjoyed the blessing of a Christian education, in consequence of which you are so much better off than these poor, rude, neglected children. It cannot be because you deserved such privileges.

CHAPTER VI.

SHALL we let the elder folks dig and try again? Yes; let them make one more attempt, whether they succeed or not. Meanwhile, let us look after Theodore, whom, for a time, we have quite lost sight of. If he knew that we took so lively an interest in him, (though he cannot know it, for he has been dead many years,) he would be quite put to the blush, as perhaps the man would whom I have just been observing. The person to whom I refer went up the hill-side, early this morning, all alone, in still, deep solitude, not a living soul near. A little bit of gravel got into his stocking, and though only the size of a glazier's diamond, it was big enough to occasion great inconvenience, and make a hole in the stocking. He sat down, therefore, on a hillock, pulls off his boot and then his stocking, and turns it upside down that he may get out the little bit of gravel, which is no diamond. He looks all round to see if any one is watching him, but does not know, that at that very instant, J

am standing on the roof of a house in Infirmary Street, and looking through a telescope, in which the man gazing round so carefully comes before me, and that I am so overcurious as to watch till he goes away. He is a stranger to me; but if I met him in the street to-day, I should know him again. Now, if this man had been aware that I was observing him so attentively and minutely, how uneasy he would have been, though he was doing nothing improper. But how strange it is, that neither children nor grown-up people, when they suppose that they are quite alone, and are seen by no human eye, if they do something unlawful—if they commit some act of injustice, violence, deceit, or licentiousness,—how strange, I say, it is, that they never recollect that they are under the eye and inspection of the all-seeing God, who requires no such aids as we, His finite creatures, make use of; but to whom the whole universe of things, from systems of worlds down to the least particle, is equally "naked and open;" to say nothing of His holy angels who accompany and guard children, and make report of them in heaven, (Matth. xviii. 10.)

And if the angels in heaven know when a sinner repents, (Luke xv. 10,)—for otherwise they could not rejoice at such an event,—they must also know when a sinner does evil. And the disgrace of being thus exposed before the angels in heaven, if men would but ponder it well, is far greater than to have their misdeeds published to the world in a newspaper.

But I am going to tell you about Theodore. We shall turn our spyglass in vain towards Lucowiza, or any other Bohemian village. He is no longer there. We must shift our telescope till the golden bird again comes before our eyes, and the cross beneath it There we find him no longer as a beggar-boy in a man's jacket, when the same question might have been put to him which was once put by a Turk to a French lady in a hoop-petticoat,—"Are you *all that?*" but as a pupil in the gymnasium, who indeed had much lost time to make up, but by his superior talents and conscientious industry was soon on a level with his seniors, to the great delight of his teachers; while he made an ample return to his parents for the mournful

day when they lost him, by his devoted love, gratitude, and obedience. He was particularly distinguished above all his school-fellows by his knowledge of the Scriptures, which he had gained in the long winter evenings of his beggar's life. When, in the hours set apart to religious instruction, the teacher wished to refer to any passage in the Bible, he needed only to ask Theodore, and felt certain that the right answer would be forthcoming. It is true, that mere knowledge is of no avail, and no man will be saved for his good memory as little as for his want of one; but Theodore had not only a fertile soil in his head, but a field of corn in his heart; and like a wise husbandman, he made use of the early years of his youth to cultivate this field. Of his prayers, I have no direct evidence, for when he prayed, it was in the retirement of his chamber; and he never sounded a trumpet before him, either among his comrades or elsewhere,—not because he was ashamed of prayer, (for whoever is ashamed to pray, is ashamed to have God for his friend,) but because our Lord and Master said, "Pray to thy Father in secret."

But when a field in which seed has been cast bears fruit, I have a right to conclude that it has been rained upon; and the rain does not fall unless the vapours have previously risen, and the blessing and thriving in the field of the heart prove that prayers have ascended to Heaven. And the testimony of pious persons is not wanting to prove that greater progress is made even in branches of general knowledge when prayer precedes and follows. In a short time, Theodore was the best informed among his associates, and yet envied by no one, for he was also the most modest and unpretending. The favour of God was with him, and therefore he found favour with men. If any of my young readers imagine that a pious person, whether young or old, must have a narrow mind or small abilities, let me tell them they are greatly mistaken. Theodore was an example of the contrary. He studied the mathematics with great enthusiasm, and before leaving the gymnasium, solved a most difficult problem,—a prize question which had been proposed to the students at the University. He did not compete for the prize, nor send in his

solution, but merely performed it as an exercise of his powers. When he went to the University of Leipzig, his parents accompanied him, for they could not bear to be so long separated from their only child. By thus living in the bosom of his family, Theodore was preserved from many indiscretions and errors which so frequently occur at that period of life. Owing to the ample means of his parents, he was not obliged to cultivate any special branch of study as a means of his future maintenance, so that he could devote himself, without reserve, to his favourite pursuits of mathematics and chemistry. After he had spent four years at Leipzig, his parents purchased an estate in Oberlausitz, of which Theodore undertook the management. On this estate were extensive forests, which required an able keeper. The person who had hitherto held the office, was an old man, without any family, who, owing to the infirmities of age, could no longer attend properly to his business. Theodore could not bear the thought of dismissing him, and then depriving him of a livelihood, but wished to procure an assistant, who might perform the laborious

parts of his office, while the old forester would still be secure of a maintenance. After having in vain sought for such a person privately, he advertised in the public papers.

Not long after, one evening, about dusk, a young man applied for the situation, who produced excellent testimonials both to his general character and his special qualifications as a forester. Theodore happened to be from home, and the young man was quartered till the next morning at the forester's. When Theodore returned late at night from inspecting a small farm at a distance, his father said to him, "A young man has been applying for the situation of assistant-forester. His testimonials are good, but his looks do not please me. *Rogue* seems written on his forehead."

"What is his name?" said Theodore.—"I have forgotten it," replied his father; "only I remember that he was born in Suabia."

"But how comes he here, so far away?"—"Why, he says that he is quite homeless; he knows nothing of his parents, and therefore is at home wherever he can find employment and subsistence." "That is a little suspi-

cious," remarked Theodore; "however we will see him in the morning." He then sat down to supper, for moving about all the afternoon had given him a sharp appetite.

Very early the next morning, almost before Theodore was up, the old forester came and wished to speak with him. He was admitted immediately. "Your honour, I trust," he said, "will pardon me for disturbing you so early. But I wished to see you before the young man who applied for the situation yesterday evening was stirring, and I really could not sleep any longer. I examined the lad last evening till quite late, and catechized him closely, and I do assure you that he is a remarkably fine fellow, whom we must not let slip. He is perfectly acquainted with everything relating to forests and game; and if he is as clever in practice as in theory, we have found a real jewel."

"What is his name?" said Theodore. "Adam Zeh-bund, please your honour,—stands six feet two inches—is affable and well-behaved—contented and obliging."

"I will see him at once; send him here as soon as he has breakfasted;—or wait for me.

I will come down to you about eight o'clock, and we will take a walk with him through the fir plantation."

Theodore, as he had engaged, called at the forester's lodge. He scanned Adam Zeh-bund's features very attentively, that he might be able either to confirm or to render doubtful his father's judgment. He was forced to allow that the young man's eyes had a very roguish cast; at the same time there was a strong expression of good-nature about his mouth, and the youth conducted himself with so much propriety and intelligence, as almost to efface any unfavourable impression. In their ramble through the woods, he not only showed himself acquainted with the different kinds of trees, but pointed out and named the smaller shrubs and plants; he conversed so intelligently about making new plantations, and bringing waste lands into cultivation, and proved himself such an excellent shot in using a fowling-piece which the forester carried with him, that the balance in his favour was constantly increasing; and ere it was noon, Theodore had made up his mind that no one else should have the assistant's place,

at the same time resolving to watch him narrowly. At dinner, he reported what had passed to his father. "I offer no opposition, said the latter, "to your making trial of him, and leave the matter to your free choice; but keep your eye upon him, for I do but half trust the man."—"I will keep strict watch over him, and so will the forester," replied Theodore.

My young readers will be curious to know how Adam Zeh-bund came into Oberlausitz; for he is no other than that young good-for-nought whom we left apprenticed to the shoemaker at Rohrbrunn, as you have already been told. In that place, his reputation was soon gone. To sit all day on a three-legged stool, was more than he could endure. As often as a passing horse struck its shoe on a flint stone, Adam's eyes were turned to the window, and the awl dropped out of his hand. Our lively apprentice must also need listen to the gossip of the women at the fountain, which, unfortunately, stood exactly opposite the shoemaker's; in consequence, the instructions of his master, or of his elder fellow-workmen, were frequently misunderstood or forgotten.

No wonder that these idle habits often cost him a blow or a box on the ear, or a touch, not the gentlest, with the knee-straps, or even that a heavy piece of leather was sometimes thrown at his head. Some of his pleasantest hours were on a Sunday morning, when he had to carry a pair of new shoes to the town-clerk's, or to the merchant's near the upper fountain, or to the apothecary's lower down in the town. He enjoyed these opportunities, not for the sake of getting a gratuity, for what he gained in that way was deposited in his master's hands; nor because, when once away from the house, he could take longer excursions, for his master insisted on his returning in time for going to church; but because he had then a couple of hours undisturbed, during which he could watch the birds among the fir-trees, and throw stones at the squirrels, and now and then take a bird's nest, without having his labour repaid by thumps on the head. But these hours came only once a-week, and then for six days he was forced to handle cobbler's wax, and hammer shoe soles for other people, instead of wearing out his own in such pleasant excur-

sions. This was a life past all endurance; so, after submitting to it for three months, Adam made up his mind, without consulting any one, to effect his escape on the first favourable opportunity. This soon offered itself. One Sunday he had a great quantity of newly finished work to take into the town. It was the first Sunday in October. He delivered the shoes, pocketed the gratuities, and kept back one pair of shoes which exactly fitted his own feet; these he put on in a coppice near the town, where he left the old ones; then, without stopping, he took the road to Iselshausen, Hochdorf, Bildechingen, and Horb. At the last place he bought some rolls; but went on, without stopping, to Dettingen and Dornhan, where he passed the night at a nailer's, on whom he palmed a false account of his journey. On the following morning, he proceeded farther into the Black Forest, till he came to a gamekeeper's lodge, where he asked for something to eat. He had been brought up, he said, among the gipsies; knew not who his parents were; but was certain that he had been stolen; for his red hair was a proof that he did belong by birth

to that tribe. As the gipsies wanted him to steal, he ran away, for he could not bring his conscience to commit such wickedness. He was now looking out for a home and an occupation; he was most anxious to be a gamekeeper, for which he had always a great liking from a child. The keeper, who lived alone, was glad of an assistant and companion in his solitude, and promised to maintain him if he behaved well. This person was acquainted with all kind of plants, and had a number of botanical works. He also made medical decoctions of particular herbs, which were in great request among the surrounding peasantry, and by their sale made no small addition to his regular wages.

Although Adam had little taste for poring over books, and liked far better to roam through forest and field with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, yet on the long winter evenings, when nothing was to be done in the woods, he was pleased to learn from his employer as much as he could teach him. In a short time, he had looked through all the books, though without studying them very deeply. He never enjoyed himself so much

as when he lighted on a badger's hole, or a fox's cover, or when a hare, a doe, a brace of partridges, or a capercailie, came within reach of his gun, in the use of which he soon excelled his master. All this time the weeds in his heart were growing apace, though, owing to circumstances, casual observers might not be aware of their existence.

The keeper led a very secluded life, and never went into society unless he was obliged. This privacy was not to Adam's taste; and when he had leave to go on a Sunday to the nearest village, he gave his inclinations full swing. Drinking, gaming, quarrelling, and playing the buffoon, were his delight. The money he wanted for these indulgences, he managed to get from his master's box, which he had discovered, and learned to open. When the complaints of the villagers, on account of Adam's irregularities, reached the forester's ears, (of the fraud practised on himself he was not aware,) he was certainly not sparing in threats and remonstrances, but to very little purpose. You know, that when an ink-spot has run through to the other side of the paper, scraping with a penknife is of

no use. Nothing more can be done by mechanical means applied to the surface. Some chemical agent, that will act internally, must be made use of. So with this lawless youth. Outward admonitions and restraints were vain. He needed an internal change of heart and disposition. Becoming weary of reproof, he took advantage of his master's absence, (who had to deliver some venison to the prince's cook,) and emptied the money-box, which had lately been well filled by the sale of medical herbs. Having done this, he decamped, not stopping till he had passed the borders of Switzerland. In point of knowledge, he was quite competent to offer his services as a forester or gamekeeper; but from the want of written testimonials, people were not disposed to trust him, so that he could not get any situation in Switzerland. Without a passport, he could proceed no further, excepting by stealth, and through by-ways. At last he entered into a forester's service in Bohemia; and now, in order to make a purse, he devoted himself privately to preparing diet-drinks, as he had been taught by his employer in the Black Forest.

After effecting some fortunate cures, his reputation was so extended, that the matter could be concealed no longer, and he was sent for by one of the magistrates of the district to be examined. Adam found him lying on a sofa, with one leg thickly bandaged. "Oh! sir," said he, in an insinuating tone, which he had always at command, "pray tell me what is the matter with your foot; perhaps I may be able to give you some relief." The magistrate quite forgot his judicial character, and for what purpose he had summoned Adam before him. He entered into particulars respecting his diseased limb, and the way in which it had been treated by the medical men, who now declared that nothing remained to be done but amputation.

"If you would trust yourself to my care," said Adam, "your foot shall be sound again in a fortnight."—"Well, then, I will put your words to the test," replied the magistrate, after a short pause; "but no one must know anything about it."

Adam exerted his utmost skill, for he was well aware, that if he failed, he could no longer stay in that neighbourhood. He applied

a poultice, which was kept moist by a decoction of various herbs and roots, and carefully renewed, just as he had seen done in a similar case by his old master. In a few days, an improvement showed itself, and very shortly the foot was quite well. Adam received a handsome present; and, of course, nothing was now said about his being sent out of the country. He was only recommended to be cautious, on account of the regular medical practitioners. But scarcely had he congratulated himself on this fortunate application of his knowledge, when he again undermined his reputation by mixing with light company, drinking, and gambling,—against which he had hitherto been on his guard. Moreover, it so happened, that a child, to whom he had either given an improper medicine, or too large a dose, died suddenly in great pain. The physician soon inquired into the affair; Adam was accused, examined, and ordered to be sent out of the country under guard of the police. His master, who had not heard of his last excesses at a public house in the village, and was sorry to lose him, gave him a good character for skill and

general conduct; and Adam was dexterous enough to escape from the police officers. He could hope for nothing in Bavaria, where he was followed by a "hue and cry;" so he withdrew into Saxony, where he obtained a situation; and when he wished to go farther, a good testimonial was granted him. In his next place, he stayed a very short time. He had quarrelled with another gamekeeper, and, in a fit of anger, discharged his piece at him. As soon as he had done so, he was alarmed, threw down the gun, and hastened to the fallen man. Happily, he had not been hit, but had escaped the bullet by falling. He lay down, and went into a deep sleep. When he awoke, Adam begged him to be silent about the affair. But his comrade, who was mortified at being thrown into the shade by Adam's superior skill, made it a condition, that he should remain there no longer. Such was the train of events by which Adam Zchbund was brought to Oberlausitz.

CHAPTER VII.

ARE you tired of going backwards and forwards? So am I. We shall now give it up, and remain in one place. But God's leadings of individuals are wonderful, and so is their combination. You will not be less astonished than I was, when I heard this history for the first time. Adam is now installed in his office as assistant-forester, and manages it with all the skill for which credit was given him, and with all the energy which he promised to exert. The old forester is very well satisfied with him, and gradually retires from the employment, as he sees that it is in very able hands. The baron's kitchen is always supplied with the best game; and no one suspects that the assistant secretly sells at the nearest Bohemian border twice as much as he delivers to his master, in order to lay up a handsome sum of money. But, latterly, the demon of gain has taken possession of him, and all his thoughts are set on becoming rich. The woods are in a beautiful state; the waste

lands have been broken up and planted; the forest trees are in the best condition. A large quantity of timber for building is sold to a parish where one-half of the houses had been burnt down. The terms are left entirely to the assistant. In concert with the unprincipled overseer of the parish, the account is so drawn up, that a much smaller quantity is entered than was really delivered; Adam puts the price of the overplus into his own pocket, and the overseer is bribed to secrecy, by uncharged timber for his own house, which had shared the same fate as his neighbours.

After the assistant-forester had delivered to his employers, in gold pieces, the whole sum, amounting to several thousand dollars, which had been paid by a banker for the parish, and had left the room with commendations of his good management, Theodore said to his father, "Papa, I think you did not do justice to Zeh-bund when you suspected him of roguery. The young man is so obliging and active, so conscientious in his business, that we could not have found a better. The old forester, too, is so satisfied with him, so pleased with his society and conversation, and assures

me, that in the discharge of his office, he often spends the whole night in the forest, in order to prevent thieving and trespassing. The quackery he practised at first, he gave up the moment I spoke to him about it."—"All you say may be true," replied his father, "but I know not how it is, I can *not* trust him. I have the impression that he is a hypocrite, and my experience has seldom deceived me on this point. For one thing, the man cannot look at me straight in the face." "*That* I also have remarked," said Theodore; "but it is merely owing to his modesty."

"And I too think," said the baroness, who had just joined them, "that you are too mistrustful of him, though you are not given to be so."—"I cannot help it," said the baron, "but I cannot trust him. No one will be better pleased than myself to find I am mistaken about him. But be circumspect, and keep your eyes open."

Theodore promised that he would; but his unsuspicious, candid mind, was not a match for the cunning and slyness of the assistant. His frauds never came to light. The forester, who had much native shrewdness, never

detected them. Another quality of the dishonest man, his intemperate anger, was to be his ruin. When a man has done evil a long time unpunished, and all the windows and doors are closed, punishment sometimes finds its way in through the key-hole. But if it comes not in this world, it is so much the worse; for in the other, no one can escape it.

One morning, before sun-rise, the assistant rose from his bed, threw his fowling-piece on his shoulder, and hastened to a wood at some distance, in order to watch for a poacher whom he had long suspected, and hoped to catch in the very act. He was more severe against men of this class, because he derived much of his own emoluments from the illicit sale of game. Scarcely had he entered the wood, when he heard a shot fired at some distance. "Now, my lad," he said, laughing to himself, "you are in for it,—this time you don't escape me." He made his way softly through the brushwood in the direction of the report, creeping stealthily onwards like a cat. And what does he see? There is the poacher and a doe trailing on his shoulder! Suddenly

the assistant fronts him, and shouts, "Halt! I have you at last, my man! Just wait a moment, and I'll teach you not to reap in a field that does not belong to you." The poacher, a man between fifty and sixty years old, greyheaded and shabbily dressed, threw the deer on the ground, and without betraying the least emotion of fear, placed himself haughtily before the assistant, leaning on his gun, and in a contemptuous tone thus addressed him,—"Hark ye! Mr. Assistant,—be advised even by such an one as I am, who now and then may get in this way a bit of venison for a livelihood. Don't forget what you have to answer for yourself. In truth, you are no saint, and if the Baron of Lucowiza knew how many bucks you have sent away into Bohemia, and how, lately, in the timber trade, one hand has washed the other, you would long ago have lowered your crest. Methinks it would become you not to be so very sharp-sighted about the doings of some people who are quite as honourable as yourself."

This plain dealing set the assistant all in a flame. Should he let his secrets be shared

by such a rascal, who could so easily betray him, and blast all his prospects? or should he make terms with him, and enter into partnership with a man on whose fidelity he could place no reliance? Should he let him go unpunished, and thereby encourage his audacity? or should he bring him to justice, and thus give himself into the hands of the betrayer? All these questions passed, quick as lightning, through his mind; and as quickly overcome by his passion, he seized his rifle, and shot the poacher through the body. The report of the gun brought him quickly to reflection. He coolly let the man lie, and only thought of the means of concealing the part he had in his death. With all speed he made a great circuit, in order to reach home from the opposite side of the wood. Meanwhile, he reloaded his piece, to make appearances more in his favour. He found the forester at breakfast, and told him, in an unembarrassed tone, that he had gone out early to the Wagweiser copse, because he had heard that it had been entered and injured by some mischievous persons. He had long watched for these fellows, but could get

no tidings of them. He said, that having been so long on the look-out, he felt as hungry as a bear; and, accordingly, set himself to the warm porridge, which he devoured with a sharp appetite.

While the poacher lay bleeding, his cottage, which was in a village on the Bohemian frontier, was visited by the police, accompanied by some of the military, to arrest him, and another man who lived with him, for making and uttering base coin. His associate was upwards of seventy, tall, and not bowed by age. Under his bushy grey eyebrows there was a piercing look, which, however, had no effect on the officers. In the cellar were found materials for coining, raw metal, both copper and silver, (the latter of which had been melted down from stolen spoons,) a die, and some attempts at stamping. Yet nothing was finished. In other respects, the dwelling and its furniture bore marks of great poverty. The old man suffered himself to be apprehended without resistance, and was taken to the neighbouring town, where he was put in prison. They sought for his accomplice in the wood; for the people of the

village declared that he could be nowhere else. Fortunately he was soon found. The ball had gone through his body, and lodged in the nearest tree. He was not dead, but very faint through loss of blood. A rude litter of branches and twigs, covered with a layer of leaves, was hastily put together, and the wounded man laid upon it. They carried him to the town, and placed him in the same cell where the old man was sitting, to whose care they committed him. A surgeon was immediately fetched, who examined the wound, found it to be mortal, and after taking the necessary measures to prolong life, if possible, and causing a bed to be made up in the cell, promised to come again in the evening. The magistrate of the district came to examine the poacher respecting the cause of his wound. Without hesitation he named Adam Zeh-bund, the forester's assistant, as his murderer; and, at the same time, after giving all the particulars of the recountre, told all the other instances of Adam's misconduct which had come to his knowledge. Immediately a warrant was issued to arrest Adam Zeh-bund; and the Baron of Lucowiza, who had no

jurisdiction in that part of the country, could not prevent its execution.

"See, Theodore," he said to his son, "at last it is shown that I was right in saying I could never trust that man. When a man carries on his brow such a stamp of insincerity, you may rely upon it, that the interior is no better, for the Almighty never impresses a false superscription. The tendencies of such a man to evil will be developed with the constancy of the laws of nature; and no improvement is to be looked for even under the most favourable outward circumstances, and in the best connections."—"I still believe," replied Theodore, "you judge too hardly, my dear father. You know that Adam was separated from his parents ever since he was an infant, and had no education. He was brought up among gipsies, and had only evil examples before his eyes. It is easy to conceive how evil would gain the ascendency in his mind. A better education would perhaps have made quite a different being of him."

"No, no," said his father; "such lines on the forehead, and over the eyes, are formed by no process of education, but exist from the

birth. His parents were, no doubt, vagabonds and thieves, and from them he has inherited these propensities. You grew up without culture, as a beggar-boy, and yet your parents, at the first glance, recognized a nobler nature in you."—"Allowing it to be as you say," replied Theodore, "yet we must deal so much the more mercifully with the young man; and I cannot yet give up the hope that a better side in his character may shew itself; for the inward tendency of man to truth, does not express itself in the brow;—in my opinion, it lies deeper."

"Time will shew," concluded the baron, while he left the room to inform his lady of what had happened.

In the meantime the assistant was taken to the town jail, and placed in a cell adjoining that of the two coiners. His rifle also was seized with him as *corpus delicti*, and deposited in the court of justice. On the day of examination the old forester and the baron's son appeared to give evidence either for or against the accused. The prisoner was brought out. He had had time to prepare his line of defence, and made up his mind to deny everything.

He said, that on the morning when the poacher was shot, he was occupied in quite an opposite direction, in the Wagweiser copse, watching for some depredators on a young plantation, and therefore could not at the same time have been in the Stromwald, the scene of the murder. They would find his rifle still loaded, as he had not fired it off the whole of the morning. The forester bore testimony, and Theodore confirmed it, that hitherto he had never detected his assistant in an untruth, or any other misdemeanour. Furthermore, the assistant said that the poacher bore a grudge against him, and for that reason wished to charge him with the murder. He knew the man well; he had for a long time suspected him, and more than once had warned and threatened him. The examining magistrate seemed not to attach much weight to their statements, and proceeded to confront the prisoners. The poacher endeavoured to strengthen his accusation by showing that the assistant was not clear in other respects from imputations, and told of his illicit dealing in game on the Bohemian border, and of his fraud in reference to the sale of timber.

How he came to the knowledge of these delinquencies, he would not divulge, but requested that the parties implicated should be examined. Till that could be done, the judicial proceedings were adjourned.

The prisoners were taken back to their cells. They were separated only by a thin partition, and persons who had formerly been confined in them, had made an opening, in order to communicate with one another. This opening had been carefully closed by a stone. The assistant, who could hear the two coiners talking together, but could not make out what they said, examined attentively whether he could by some means learn the substance of their conversation, which he thought might assist in framing his further justification. And on this occasion his ingenuity did not fail him. He discovered the loose stone, drew it out during the noise made by a passing waggon, and, standing on tip-toe, found that he could not only hear what was said on the other side, but also see the old man lying on his pallet, whom our readers will guess to be no other than their former acquaintance, Conrad.

"Alas! Rudi," said he, "had Balthes not so deceived us when he put us on that wild-goose chase at Kapellenberg, or had we really found the treasure, we should not now have been in this miserable plight."—"True," said Rudi, "and I too am ruined through my own brat. Bridget toiled with carrying him to Calw, and brought nothing back in his stead but a miserable bale of cloth, which we were afterwards obliged to leave behind when the bailiff of Mücklingen would have taken us up for impostors; and we were obliged to decamp by night in a fog, and hide ourselves in the Bohemian forests."

"As to the fog," rejoined the old man, with something almost like a smile on his countenance, "it was not so very bad, for you know the moon shone brightly enough when we stole down by the Swedish encampment. The ass, too, we were obliged to leave behind us, which must by this time have carried many a sack of flour for the miller, who has often drank his cider out of our cups, while we have been as thirsty as sea-calves."—"And worse than all," said Rudi, "poor Bridget died of dysentery. Balthes has also

to answer for that; and we know not, to this hour, what has become of your two girls who ran away from us at Nuremberg."

"Now, do be silent!" said Conrad, "why should we open old sores? We have plenty of ill-luck, and it is still my belief that we should have found the chests if the bailiff had allowed us to go on with our digging. But Balthes made fools of us. We ought to have dug to the right, instead of the left. Yet who could have thought it possible that a dying man could tell such downright lies to his old comrades. To think that I ever trusted such a rascal!"

Adam was all ear; but he soon heard enough. He almost swooned away, and could scarcely crawl to his bed of straw. The poacher was his father, and he had shot his own father through the body! Horrible thought! It entered his soul like a red-hot iron, and he was obliged to keep still and not move. Now, for the first time, after years had passed away, all the passages of Scripture, and the pious exhortations he had heard from his foster-parents and instructers at Quellbrunn, came to his recollection and stood

round his bed, striking him like so many flails, and bruising him as if he were a sheaf of corn. Hitherto he had clung to the belief, that possibly he was the offspring of wealthy and respectable parents, and might some day rise to an honourable position in society; but now this hope was blasted, and his relationship to gipsy-like vagabonds, which he had once feigned, was put out of all doubt; and more than this, his conscience told him that what he had to blame himself for, was not something that might be expected from such sort of people. He stood far below most criminals even of that class, as a parricide. The excuse would not serve him, that he had sunk to this depth of degradation owing to bad education and evil example. What he was, was not owing to his parentage; it was what he had made himself to be. As he could not deny the *commission* of the crime, his corrupt heart sought to transfer the *guilt* of it to others; he looked round on all sides for excuses; but they broke down like so many reeds under the strokes inflicted by his newly awakened conscience. Alas! when a man has once surrendered himself to be the

slave of sin, he is indeed lost and ruined. Adam Zeh-bund was a prey to the anguish of despair. He could not sleep any part of the night; if the weather-cock on the roof creaked, or the wind shook a loose window-shutter, he felt alarmed like a bird before the jaws of a rattlesnake.

Meanwhile the magistrate brought under examination the overseer of the parish where the fire had happened, and forced him to admit the embezzlement practised between him and Adam in the sale of the timber. The illicit sale of game on the Bohemian border was also proved. The ball which had passed through the poacher's body, and lodged in the tree, was produced, and found to fit the assistant's rifle; it was of exactly the same size as that which was in the rifle when he was apprehended; and, moreover, both were marked with a cross. The magistrate therefore believed that he was thoroughly furnished with the means of bringing the accused to confession. But all this was no longer needed. Adam had no wish to deny his guilt. His spirit was so crushed and broken, that he admitted everything without reserve, even

former misdeeds, which had no connexion with the present investigation. Last of all, he confessed with shuddering, though without shedding a single tear, that the man whom he had mortally wounded was his father! The persons present were startled at this confession, particularly Theodore, who looked with much compassion on the criminal. As Rudi could not leave his bed, Adam was brought to him in the prison, where he repeated his confession, and implored his father's forgiveness. Rudi at first would not believe that he had so unworthy a son; but after Adam had given the necessary explanations, he could no longer doubt the fact, but covering his eyes with his hands, exclaimed, "Out of my sight, you are an eternal disgrace to your parents!" Adam saw that his father was not now in a state to listen to him, and staggered back to his cell in a state of complete exhaustion. When he was gone, Rudi said to his fellow-prisoner, "If his mother had known that her child would have turned out such a villain, she would have twisted his neck off the day he was born. Yet I always thought it an unlucky thing

that Bridget took the infant away, and that I could not fetch it again. Now, I should have been glad had she thrown him into the Nagold, so that I might never have seen him again."

As Conrad said not a word, Rudi went on, "Is it not so, old man?" "I wish I had him in my clutches," said his companion, "I would shew him what right he had to shoot his father."—"No!" said Rudi, "if any one might have him under their clutches, I have the first right. But somebody else will get hold of him, who will make use of something rather stouter than a hat-lace when he leaves him to swing on one of his fir-trees."

But I do not wish to pain you with any more of this heartless talk; I would rather take you back to the adjoining cell,—from the murdered to the murderer. We shall find with him our friend Theodore, who thought that this was now the right time to speak to the heart of the unhappy man. Adam was in a state of perfect despair. "Leave me, honoured sir!" he exclaimed, "I have too long abused your goodness, and brought too much disgrace upon you to be able any

longer to look you in the face. You know I am a parricide, and for such an one no mercy can be expected. I am lost! lost for ever! leave me to my fate! I deserve nothing better." But Theodore would not comply with his wishes. If God had done one thing for the sinner,—to set his sin before his eyes, in all its greatness and enormity, another miracle of mercy was also possible,—to open to him a glimpse of His infinite love, and to impart the peace of forgiveness to his contrite soul. Theodore represented to him most impressively, that though his sin was indeed great, yet the grace of God in Christ Jesus was still greater, and that no sinner could be too bad for the Saviour of sinners. A ray of light and consolation had penetrated the soul of the prisoner when Theodore took leave of him in the evening, with a promise of seeing him again in the morning. But on the following day thick darkness again overspread his troubled soul, and Theodore had to begin his labour anew. After some days, he succeeded, under the blessing of God, when he had earnestly and impressively prayed with the criminals a full stream of light poured in

on the poor sinner, and he could joyfully exclaim, "Praised be God! now I can believe it! now I have the forgiveness of my sins, and know that Jesus is *my* Saviour!" How overjoyed was Theodore! How devoutly he thanked God for this triumph of His grace!

But Adam could not now rest till he had obtained permission to speak again to his poor father, and to announce to him that grace which is ready to be bestowed on all, even the greatest transgressors, through the Saviour. Rudi turned his face away with indignation when he saw his son enter the cell. But as Theodore came with him, and spoke in a most gentle and conciliating manner, describing the wonderful change that had taken place in his son, and offering him the same grace in the name of Jesus, he gained, at least, an attentive hearing. But he found it more difficult to converse with him than with his son, who had retained in his memory a good stock of Christian knowledge, which he had brought away from school. Rudi was the son of a soldier, who had only been a short time in a military school, and had merely been taught to read

and write;—he was acquainted only with the most general truths of the Bible. In his case, it was necessary to begin with the A B C of Christianity; and until the stony incrustation on his heart had been broken by the hammer of the law, and given him the knowledge of sin, he could not receive the grace of redeeming mercy;—much labour, much patience, and much prayer were needed. But Theodore and Adam did not relax their efforts; and in proportion as they found the hardened heart give way, their zeal became more ardent, and God blessed their labours. When Rudi had once begun to give earnest attention to the message of salvation, he requested that he might be taken into another cell, as the old man, in the time that intervened between Theodore's visits, continually annoyed him with taunts and objections, and sought to undo the good work. On Theodore's application, Rudi was brought into Adam's cell, and there expired, shortly after, from the effects of his wound, but in peace with God, who, of His infinite mercy, had granted this hardened sinner space for repentance, and willingness to believe. Con-

rad was taken to the house of correction, where he died not long after, without any sign of penitence. Adam Zeh-bund received sentence of death; but at the urgent intercession of the Baron of Lucowiza, this was commuted for twenty years' hard labour. He endured his punishment, remained stedfast in the faith, and on obtaining his liberty, sailed to America.

I have only one thing more to tell before I finish my story. Two days before Theodore's foster-father fell ill in the village near Lucowiza, Theresa, the fugitive nurse, came over the plain and met the man in the field. Exhausted with the journey, she sat down on a stone and began to weep.

"Why do you weep?" asked the man. She told him that six years before, she had fled from the burning of Lucowiza with the baron's child; and being pursued by the soldiers, and unable to run fast enough with her burden, she had laid the child down exactly in that field between some sheaves, in hopes that he would be found. Trouble had always driven her further from the spot, and at last her heart reproached her for

unfaithfulness, when it was too late to return. She had not ventured at a later period for fear lest the child should have perished. But now that the war was over, she could no longer repress her anxiety to learn what had become of the child. The man consoled her with the information, that he had found the child and educated it, and that it was at his house. When Theresa heard that, she sprang up and said, "If it be so, I dare not stay here another moment; I must go and tell its parents; I know where they live, and they are still mourning for their child." When the Baron of Lucowiza heard the news, you may suppose he was not long in reclaiming his lost one.

My story is ended; and yet, strictly speaking, I hope it is not ended, but will contribute to bring my readers to a happy end. If they wish to go to the place whither Theodore has, I doubt not, gone before them, let them come with me; if not, I must go alone!

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